

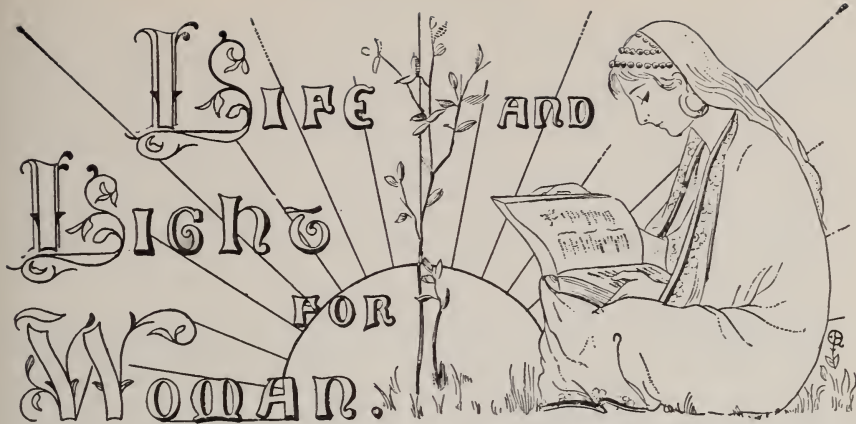
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VOL. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 10.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

I THANK THEE, LORD.

[ENCLOSED WITH A THANK OFFERING IN ONE OF OUR BRANCHES.]

For Thy great love, so full, so free,
Which Thou so richly givest me,
For health, for home, for loving friends,
I thank Thee, Lord.

And for sweet blessings from above
Which daily prove Thy endless love,
For life which is so beautiful,
I thank Thee, Lord.

And for Thy precious Word, so sweet,
Which helps me guide my wayward feet,
For Thy rich promises, so dear,
I thank Thee, Lord.

For Thy dear Son, who died for all,
Thy wondrous gift to great and small,
For Jesus' blood, so freely shed,
I thank Thee, Lord.

“I thank Thee, Lord,”—the words are weak,—
My heart is full—too full to speak;
Thou knowest all, I can but say,
“I thank Thee, Lord.”

TWO MONTHS FOR WORK. Two months more before the end of our financial year! A short time to bring up arrears, to repair past failures, to bring full tithes and freewill offerings into the treasury of the Board. Much can be accomplished in two months, however, by many active brains and willing feet and hands acting together. If each one of the fifteen thousand readers of LIFE AND LIGHT would either give or raise an extra dollar in that time there would be rejoicing the world around.

FRIDAY MORNING MEETING. When this magazine reaches its readers the Friday morning meetings in the Board Rooms in Boston will have been resumed, commencing September 25th. These meetings, which have steadily increased in numbers and power from their beginning, have become an important factor in our Board. In them missionaries from the uttermost parts of the earth come together, and they and their mission fields are brought very near to the home workers. Many testimonies have been given as to the spiritual uplift received in them; we are extremely sorry for those who can but do not come to them, since they may lose an abundant blessing.

CONTRIBUTION IN THE MADURA SCHOOL. The girls in our Madura boarding school raised quite a sum for the suffering Armenians, by all of them going without meat, buttermilk, and plantains for a week. To this they added a generous contribution from their spending money.

SOLICITING MONEY. Soliciting money should never be a horror, and ought never to be associated in the mind with the idea of begging. The Lord is asking through you.—*Ex.*

PAY THE DEBTS. Do not be content with holding meetings and arousing enthusiasm, or even volunteering for the mission field, but pay the debts. Enthusiasm is well; rousing meetings are important; but consecrated, systematic, proportionate giving alone justifies the enthusiasm and saves it from ridicule. . . . By so stimulating the generosity of our members, by so appreciating our stewardship, by making proportionate giving to God as much a part of our religion as praying and believing, let us make a debt in any mission board in America an unheard of thing.—*Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D.*

I HAVE long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion on a lost world." I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the

Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, I have had compassion on a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion. I have left you to fill up that which is behind in mine afflictions in the flesh for the body's sake, which is the church. I have given my heart; now give your hearts.—*A. J. Gordon.*

SICKNESS AT CHISAMBA. Recent letters from Chisamba, West Central Africa, tell of the deaths of seven of the boys and girls in the station.

Miss Melville writes: "What will be the effect of these trials on our young people and on the people round about? You at home cannot realize what a death means to us in this country, steeped in superstition. The people say: 'What is the cause? Who has bewitched the station? We cannot let our children go to school.' Trials come in all Christian work, and we are having ours now. So far our young people have held out bravely. Do pray for them and for us. We need your prayers so much."

CONSTANTINOPOLE. Cables from Constantinople assure us of the safety of our missionaries during the troubles of August 29-31. Our premises at Haskeuy were plundered, but the stolen goods were afterwards restored. We await particulars by letter with anxiety.

SAN SEBASTIAN SCHOOL. The examinations of another class from our school in San Sebastian have again been most successful. Miss Barbour writes: "We had feared more opposition and lower grades than ever before, because of the steady persecution which has been directed against our day school all the year, and we wondered, too, whether the bitter feeling against North Americans during the past months might make itself felt at that time. The professors seem to have settled down into a steady policy of severe examinations and low grades; a policy of which the boys officially connected with the Institute complain bitterly, and they say openly that our students make it much harder for them to pass the examination. In several cases we felt that the grades given our girls were unjustly low even with the present high standard, yet on the whole we have every reason to be thankful for the good results,—thirty-one examinations, with six *aprobados*, eleven *buena*, six notables, and eight *sobresalientes*. June 27th and 28th were devoted to that dreadful re-examination of the Institute graduates in all the studies of the five years' course. As we were plainly told last fall that "it is not the custom" for any one to be present at these examinations, we did not hear them, but the girls' full reports show that they had been examined with great thoroughness. The new Natural History professor

seems to have gone over the entire range of his comprehensive subject with the questions he asked. You will rejoice with me in the fact that we succeeded in obtaining our first *sobresaliente* (the highest mark) from that tribunal, besides three notables and a *buena*.

An effective object lesson which has been used in some of our missionary meetings, has been pieces of tape or ribbon showing the proportion of money spent for different articles, jewelry, liquor, etc., in the United States. A suggestive companion to this, showing the number of people in the different religions of the world, is described in *The Missionary Helper* as follows:—

AN OBJECT LESSON. The ribbons were of satin, an inch wide, and the scale of measurement was 5,000,000 to an inch in length. The Jews were represented by a bit of green not two inches long, who number 8,000,000; a pink one, not quite eighteen inches long, the Greek Church, 89,000,000; a pale blue, twenty-eight inches, 140,000,000 of Protestants; a yellow, thirty-one inches, 205,000,000 Roman Catholics; a scarlet, thirty-five inches, 175,000,000 Mohammedans. On this was sewed fourteen inches of white ribbon, to represent 70,000,000 Moslem women shut up in harems, who can never be reached except by women missionaries. A black ribbon one hundred and seventy-four inches long, almost six yards, representing Buddhists, Brahmins, the triple faith of China and pagans, 870,000,000. Upon this black length was pinned a bit of pale blue two fifths of an inch long, to represent the 2,000,000 of converts from heathendom during the century from 1796 to 1896. *The Missionary Helper* adds: "It was a simple object lesson, but no one could look at that long black ribbon unmoved. Let the black ribbon show our failure and selfishness, but do not let it discourage any one. We know the heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance." The figures used are those published by the London Missionary Society in 1890. While they are not absolutely correct they are approximately so.

TURKEY.

RIFTS IN THE CLOUDS.—WITH THANKSGIVING.

BY MISS EMILY C. WHEELER.

CAN a note of thanksgiving rise from darkened, tortured Armenia? Is there any rift of light, any comfort, any joy for that apparently God-forsaken land?

Yes; for those "to whom it is given not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer for his sake," must "give thanks always for all things," must

obey the injunction "to rejoice and be exceeding glad" when reviled and persecuted, and must even, through blood and tears, "by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let their requests be made known unto God." Thank God with us that in dungeons and prisons there are some who rejoice with exceeding joy because they foresee a great spiritual blessing coming to their people, a hastening of the coming of the kingdom of Christ.

Look with us over the Harpoot field and see how churches have been united, how quarrels of long standing have been healed, how Gregorian and Protestant recognize each other as brethren in Christ as never before, how barriers have been burned away, how Protestant and Gregorian chapels and churches serve to house one common congregation, where chants from the church ritual alternate with Protestant hymns, and prayers from the prayer-book are followed by prayers coming straight from the hearts and lips of Gregorian as well as Protestant brethren and sisters. Come to this Gregorian church and celebrate the communion in accordance with Congregational usage, and hear that priest speak with glowing words of this new union in Christ, and tell me, is not the kingdom moving on—is there not cause for thanksgiving in Turkey?

Listen, again, to the calls for preachers and teachers coming in from all the field, from the hardest, most inaccessible villages,—inaccessible in olden days to evangelistic efforts,—and thank God for these calls; but oh, don't, don't, as you value your peace of mind and the "well done" of the Master, check our thanksgiving by sending these souls, starving for the Bread of Life, back into heart hunger and soul starvation because you can't support the Board; because you can't keep that Board from sending out such ruinous orders to "cut down one half," as have been going out to wretched Turkey this past year.

Come with me to our women's meetings in Harpoot and see them fill up one hundred, two hundred, yes, above four hundred at the last I attended. Hear the many requests for prayer. Listen to those earnest prayers, two, three, even, praying at one time. Sentence prayers—a thing I never saw the women succeed in offering before—are heard in quick succession, and your eyes fill with tears again and again as you hear these petitions and recall these earnest requests for prayer. Do you wonder Mrs. Barnum finds cause for thanksgiving in these meetings? Do you wonder I find it hard to come away from the leading of such meetings? When I substitute for a Sunday-school teacher here in your land and teach four, five, or six little girls, do you wonder that I find cause for thanksgiving in my Sunday-school class of seventy-five bright young married women in Harpoot? As

I looked about after the massacre and saw many a face which, in happier days, I had tried to win from Gregorian homes in vain, I thought, "Surely massacre has some good sides to it." As I watched our girls and these young married women give for church carpets,—since all sit on the floor,—for orphans, for Inanda Seminary, out of their pittances of relief earned by working hard all day, I thought they shamed us in America, and I've not changed my mind since coming here. Sisters, let us not wait for massacre, pestilence, judgment, to rouse us to the duty, the sweetness, the high privilege of giving; let us ask the Master what he would have us give to carry on his work here at home and in the dark places of the earth; and let us get ready to reign joyously with him because we have helped to bring in his glorious kingdom. Did you ever give a thank-offering because you were not in a Turkish harem? I have seen that done in Turkey, and it might be done in this favored land, did we only realize what it means to live outside an atmosphere of horror, not to lie down each night and rise each morning not knowing what a day may bring forth, living as some of our missionaries in Harpoot, with your traveling bag always packed with a few necessities which you missed when you fled before from a burning house. This reminds me of a few past causes for thanksgiving which I would like to dwell on. Can we be other than thankful when we recall the calmness given your representatives in that land when death faced and followed them? when fire, plunder, evil of every kind was on their left hand and their right? Think of Miss Shattuck in Oorfa, where she still holds the fort and waves the answer back to heaven as hell and Satan menace, "By Thy grace we will."

The grace of God is so abounding that it is great cause for thanksgiving to me that I was one of that calm, fearless band of natives and missionaries who, by prayer and supplication, made known their requests and were saved from death. I would not miss for the world the memory of those moments when we sang, "God is the refuge of his saints," and "My faith looks up to thee," and went our way from place to place carrying our sick and our people to places of safety with a quiet and peace which were of God alone.

To-day I envy those who need not leave that land on account of their sick ones or their children, and gladly would I have gone back with Mr. Browne to the work so well loved. Follow him with your prayers. He goes alone, and only one who has tried such a separation from wife and children at such a time can tell how grace must triumph and feeling die a natural death.

Another cause of thanksgiving was the sparing of so many of our buildings, so that schools could begin for the boys almost immediately. It's so good to "never say 'die,'" and we did not have to say "die," and wont, if you will



GRADUATES OF EUPHRATES COLLEGE, 1894.

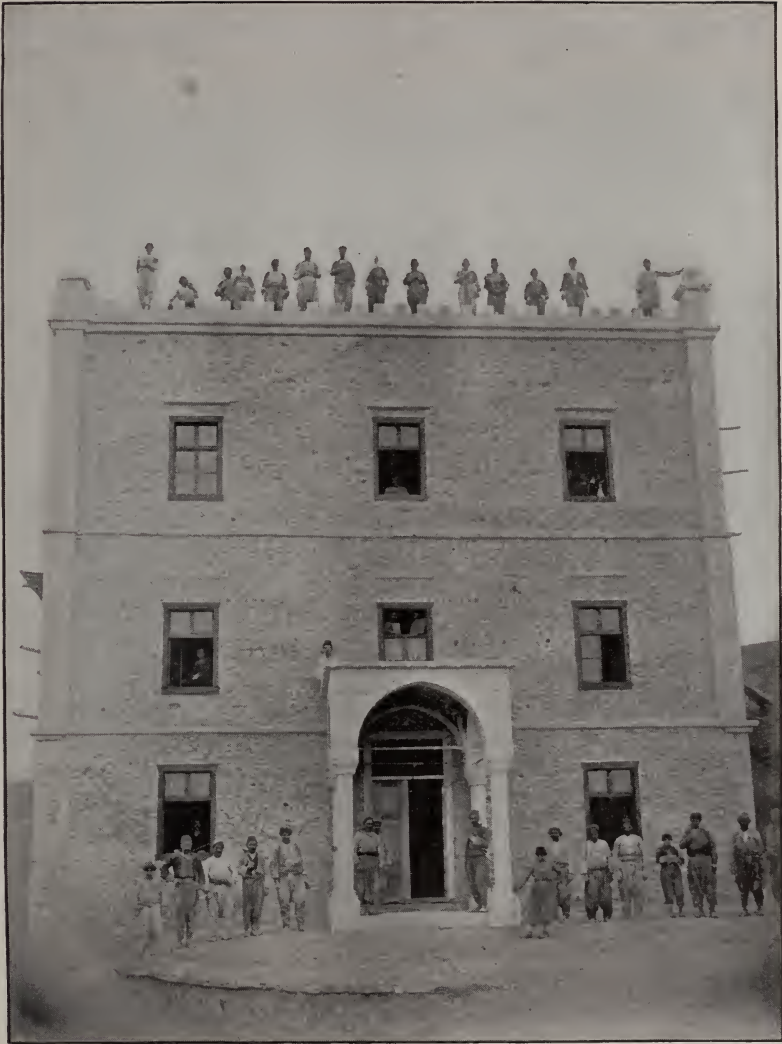
sustain us by your prayers and gifts and make the Turk give us our indemnity. We are thankful that Dr. Barton had sent us out a fire engine which could utilize the water for which so many of you contributed eight years ago. By this means four of our buildings were saved, among them the main college building, where four hundred and fifty-five people and the missionaries took refuge for days. After the fires were put out Dr. Gates came in and said, "Mrs. Wheeler, you have the joy of knowing that the water you worked for has saved the college and thousands of dollars to the Board." In this college our family and Mr. Ellis spent the winter, while it served also for dormitory and for the college and high school recitations. The hall in the upper story was used some time as a church where Protestants and Gregorians worshipped together.

When the poor bereft girls' schools started up the whole community was astonished, and our enemies said, "Why, we thought we had killed them, and here they are again;" and they tried every ruse to stop us, but failed. Now, crippled, needing all things, the school keeps on. Pray for Misses Daniels and Barnum as you never prayed before. They carry triple loads, and some of us ought to go to help them. Who shall have the honor? Miss Daniels is ordering boards from a village, and will be by this time deep in repairs of the house the school is to occupy.

We have now in all departments over seven hundred instead of five hundred and four pupils, because when the people see how few of our girls and boys were killed, when they consider that only two, as far as we can ascertain, of our present or former pupils were carried off by the Turks, they say, "These teachers pray for their pupils, and God kept them." Hundreds would come to the school were they able. How thankful we are for the help given by the W. B. M. and by special donations which enables so many to come who would otherwise be kept out. The cry is very earnest for more help. Every letter brings me an appeal for some new case.

We are specially thankful that the college was able, in spite of the time lost, to graduate both male and female classes. Some of the graduates had lost father and brothers, and it was a sad graduation, but they rejoiced as they felt that Euphrates College was not dead. I have not the photographs of the last class, but I give you that of '94. All these girls are not on earth

*The foreshortening of the picture is due to the fact that on account of the commanding position of the building there was no place to put the camera. The Turks are specially jealous of this,—the finest building in the region,—and the military pasha, Tuesday morning after the massacre, exclaimed, as he looked up from his palace on the plain: "Why is that building standing? It must be demolished before night." It is the place from which the authorities tried to dislodge us, promising aid if we gave up the people. The answer was, "Here we stay, and you may burn or save as you choose."



MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING, HARPOOT.*

now. The one standing at the upper left hand corner, the loved teacher in our school, the earnest wife of her martyred preacher husband, was the pupil killed, and her younger sister died of her wounds. True gold was the dear child, and we count her a martyr whose blood shall bless her college. Four of these girls married preachers or teachers; the other five are teachers in our schools or in Gregorian schools. All but one lost relatives in the massacre, and their homes were plundered and in some cases burned. Are they not good subjects for you to pray over?

Friends, do you think there is no dark side because we are trying to look on the bright side? It is through tears that we look up and thank God for the many who stood firm for Christ, the martyrs who shall be the seed of the church. The picture of many of our saints is in Heb. xi. We thank God sadly, as one writes this week: "I have lost all,—father, brother, husband, father-in-law, home and servants, riches and ease,—but I know that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him,' and I am content."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

INDIA.

"WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?"

BY MISS H. L. BRUCE.

Six weeks away from home,—summer holiday weeks spent with friends in another mission! But because "the harvest truly is great and the laborers few," I was privileged to glean in a field not my own, as though the Master had said, "Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not; and let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her and leave them that she may glean them" (Ruth ii. 15, 16). Of one of these handfuls, graciously "let fall of purpose" for me, may I tell the dear home friends to-day?

At the request of Miss J. and Miss M. I spent two or three hours with them almost every morning and evening in evangelistic work among the people of their station, Ratnagiri. The very first afternoon of our house-to-house visiting, we were definitely led to a house never before opened to us, where lived an old woman belonging to the Goldsmith caste. She was ill, and lay upon the floor groaning, "So weary am I of life, yet the silver cord is not loosed! Alas! that death should refuse to come to me!" I sat down

on the floor by her side and said: "No, no; you are not ready to die yet. You have not had your sins forgiven, you do not know the blessed Saviour of sinners, Jesus Christ, and you have not asked to have a place prepared for you in heaven. Pray that you may live a little longer and learn these



HINDU WOMEN AT WORSHIP.

things. Then if the Lord will, he will take you home to dwell with him forever."

I do not remember what more I added, save that it must have been the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." During the following week, the sick

woman, Ampurnabai, once or twice inquired for me; and when I next called upon her, she had much to say about my previous visit. After mentioning two seasons of special trial in her past life when it had seemed as though the "lower gods" had answered prayer, she said, "But I have been thinking, thinking it all over, and now I believe it was the great God himself who had mercy on me. I want a place prepared when I die, and I want a happy death, either on some fast or feast day or holy Monday when my son will be able to come from Bombay to bury me."

"Yes; may you have a happy death," I answered, "never mind whether on a Monday or not, if only it be the day of the Lord's choosing. But may Jesus forgive all your sins, take you by the hand and lead you through the valley of the shadow, brightening it with his own presence. May He bring you safe to the Father's home above. Yes; may you have a happy, happy death!"

Thus we talked on and on, the old woman accepting so simply the gospel message that when we came away Miss J. said to me, "I wonder if she is not even now a Christian." "It may be," I answered hesitatingly, but could speak with no assurance till the following Sabbath. Then, as we asked her to tell us in outline what she could remember of the story of Jesus, she said: "I remember all, all that you have told me. It has sunk down deep into my heart. It is here." The story from her lips had a charm all its own; and she concluded it by saying, "His disciples ran away from Jesus, but the women stayed by his cross, weeping; so it was for their sake that he rose again the third day—for the sake of the women!" Her face was all aglow while she said this. Afterwards we sang the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story." She was in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and kept interrupting us with the words, "*Bus! Bus! Shabas!*" (Well done! well done!) Soon her voice joined with ours in the chorus, and we sang it over and over together. "*Bus! Bus!* I love to hear it," she said later on. "To hear what?" I asked, pretending not to understand. She turned upon me with an amused smile, "You are examining me, but these things are all in my heart. It is the story of Jesus that I love to hear!" "Yes," I answered, "Jesus will give you his true peace; no wonder that you love to hear about him." In a moment my future tense was changed into the past, as she replied: "He has given me peace already; peace already! It is mine now!"

While we were talking together, the children in the house began to make more or less of a disturbance, and their old grandmother screamed out to them to be quiet—such a scream as made me question whether this were the same Ampurnabai to whom the Lord had granted his peace. I said to her:

"Jesus never spoke like that. You must not talk angrily to the children now that you have become a follower of Him, the meek and lowly One." "But I was intent upon hearing you," she said, apologetically, "and the children distracted me with their noise." I answered: "You could have quieted them if you had spoken as Jesus used to speak when he was upon earth. Now that you have accepted Him, you must be his true follower in thought, word, and deed. He will help you."

Simply as a little child Ampurnabai gave heed to my reproof, and later on, when we were engaged once more in sweet converse together, she proved the gospel to be practically the power of God unto her salvation, for she was saved from failing a second time as at first. The little folks merited again her severe displeasure, and she turned upon them as was her wont, but instead of screaming she tried to speak kindly. It was an effort, and her voice, subjected to so-unnatural a strain, cracked. She smiled to hear herself reprove them in love, while I commended her, saying, "That is right; you are learning to speak as Jesus would have spoken." Then we prayed together.

"*Bus! Bus!* I shall see you," she said; "you who told this old woman about Jesus! You who came at His bidding (though I had no chair nor bench to offer you) and sat down by me on the floor to make me understand His love! Oh, how I love you, because you were His messenger!" "I do not doubt it," I answered; "but tell me truly, do you love Jesus more?" "Yes," she said, with deep feeling; "I love Him more."

Then, to make assurance doubly sure, I questioned: "Yet another thing. I love you, as you know, but do you believe that Jesus loves you more?"

Again she answered: "Yes, you love me, but Jesus loves me more. How long do you think it will be before I go to Him?"

I could see that she was even now longing, not in her old, impatient, restless way, but for very love's sake, to be "forever with the Lord."

As we parted from her on that memorable Sabbath she hobbled to the door with us, saying, "When I married my husband I had no thought of dependence on any other, and so it is with me now since I have Jesus."

Thus for a few weeks we were permitted to minister lovingly to Ampurnabai and her friends. It was sweet to have her turn to us and say, "Now shut your eyes and do what you did last time!" That was her way of asking us to pray. Poor old soul, she was more in need of our prayers than perhaps she realized; for was not her idolized son, a goldsmith from Bombay, coming home in answer to her call? She who would not admit the right of any other to question the step she had taken, who would say of her neighbors, "Why should they taunt me?" and of her widowed daughter; "Why should

she not approve?" this dear Ampurnabai faltered a little at thought of her son. But one day she confided to me: "He has come! My son has come, and I have told him about you,—how you sit on the floor by this old woman and speak words of peace to my heart. I have so won him by my story that he wants to hear you himself. The other day I saw your bullock *garrî* coming along the road, and I said: 'See, there they are! They will stop at our house and speak to us God's message!' But your *garrî* passed by, so I explained: 'Sometimes they go further and stop here on the way back. We will wait.' We waited till the shadows fell, and again your *garrî* passed us without stopping. 'Never mind,' I said to my son, 'it is late now, and they will come another day. They always know the right time to come, for their God tells them.'"

I assured her that I should be happy to meet her son once before leaving, but that my mother was calling me away from Ratnagiri. What a look she gave me as she pleaded, "Do not, do not, do not, do not go!"

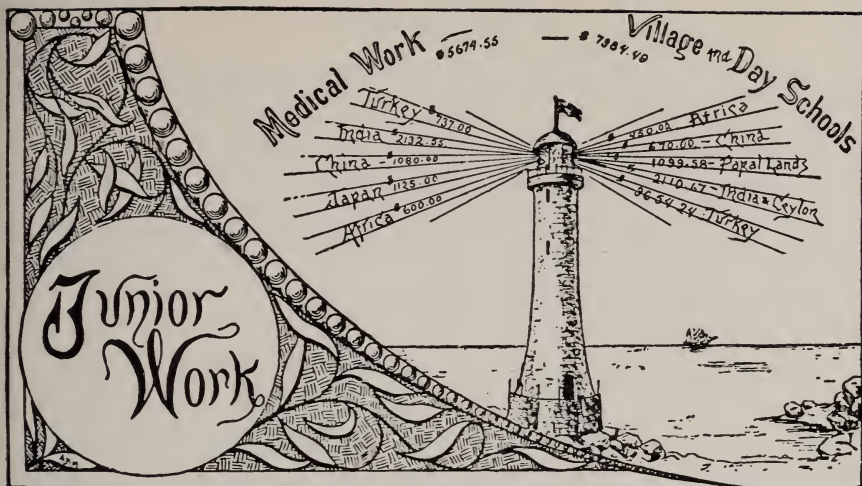
"But," I said, "your son came at your call, and I must go at my mother's. Is it not right?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly, "but that does not mean that you must go to-day or to-morrow. Stay a little longer! But write a good letter to your mother. Make her heart glad by the news that you are coming sometime!"

I love to think of this as my good-by visit, for later when I met Ampurnabai once more she was so constrained by the presence of her son as to seem hardly herself. With deep solicitude she watched him to see how he was impressed by the message of salvation through Christ. But alas, his indifference only chilled the atmosphere of the place that had been a Bethel to us in times past—the very house of God and gate of heaven.

Can you think how hard it was for me to leave Ampurnabai just as the dark clouds were gathering? This sheaf, "let fall of purpose" for me, was it safely garnered before the storm?

"O Lord God of the Harvest, thou who hast a care for the 'least grain' that is thine own, graciously remember Ampurnabai; and though her very name signifies imperfection, perfect that which concerneth her; stablish, strengthen, settle her, and bring her at last to thy harvest home; that to thee may be the glory forever and ever. Amen."



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

A COTTON STRING.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

ROSES and girls! The roses,—red, pink, and white,—were outside the arbor resting their faces against the lattice in a listening attitude, or swaying to and fro upon vibrant stems, filling the soft June air with sweetest perfume.

The girls were inside, seated upon the comfortable settees which ran around three sides of the arbor. There were seven of them,—bright and sweet in their light gowns, each wearing a cluster of half open roses upon her breast.

It was a lovely spot in quiet old Hilltop, a New England village “off the railroad,” and without location on the map of the world. But it had a large circle of pleasant families, wealth enough to support two churches without whining, some remarkably intelligent women who found time to think, read, and consider all good causes, and a bevy of young women who really governed Hilltop. And this bright afternoon a few of them were holding their last missionary meeting before vacation.

Katherine Grant, a tall, dignified girl with eye-glasses, was president and also hostess.

After the opening exercises and reports, always faithfully given, a paper read by one of the members on a selected topic, and followed by a free discussion. It was Katherine’s turn to-day, and her subject in connection with India lessons was “Caste.” Her aunt Anna, now a Hilltop minister’s

wife, had once been a missionary in India. Hence at the parsonage Katherine had found not only books and papers, but helps from actual experience.

She had given much time and thought to the subject, and her six listeners felt that her paper was "simply perfect."

The system of Caste as an ancient form of religious belief,—its oppressive influence upon the Hindus and its power to thwart Christianity,—was clearly explained. The Brahman stood as a type of the system. In her own picturesque style Katherine sketched this head of all castes, this aristocrat of the earth "by the grace of God." Poor, idle, even immoral he might be, but he was never anything but holy. He must not touch or speak with a person of lower caste. He must not eat food cooked by him, nor must the shadow of the vile man fall upon him. His bathing, eating, meditations and devotions are all governed by fixed laws; and, in fact, he, the sacred Brahman, claims worship from low-caste men.

"And what," read Katherine with intense voice, "what is the sign of this supremacy? Why, a cotton string of three strands, which passes over the left shoulder and across his breast! At eight years the Brahman boy receives this, and is ever after reckoned among the 'twice born.'"

As Katherine paused the girls were strongly impressed by her fine scorn of the ancient fraud "sitting by the Ganges," and were ready to ask questions, and advance opinions of their own. They did not refer to the heathen as if they were either mummies or idiots,—we must congratulate them on such an advance,—but they could not forget the marked superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, nor fail to express their disapproval and disgust for all that pertained to the old cotton string. It was a pity the old Brahman could not have heard that discussion of what ought to be!

While they still talked, Lisa, the little Swede maid, came out with cake and lemonade on dainty trays, smiling broadly as joyous exclamations arose over the suggestive tinkling of ice in the big pitcher.

As they gathered about the table Katherine said: "Now we must talk business while we eat. This is our last meeting until September. Some time that month we must hold an 'at home.' Aunt Anna expects a missionary visitor, which will give us a splendid opportunity to reach the people. I would like to have our church parlors beautiful with autumn leaves, flowers, and all the lovely things we can think of—really artistic, you know, with a reception committee in their loveliest dresses. How are you impressed, girls?"

"I move that we have this truly superior and artistic gathering," said Alice Bradford, the "practical member."

Jessie Adams seconded the motion, and a little later they nominated as a committee "our President, Sarah Norris, Jessie Adams, Clara Sprague,"—Katherine looked around the table doubtfully. "Do you really think it wise to make Clara one of the committee?" she asked.

Alice Bradford had nominated her, and her face flushed as she replied, "Clara hasn't been away from Hilltop, I know, and she isn't very stylish, but with half a chance she would surpass us all."

"Oh, I know it!" Katherine hastened to say; "Clara is pure gold, but——"

"She would be awkward enough in that place, though," said Jessie.

"But how she would enjoy it!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, but——" sighed Katherine.

"H'm! Katherine wears the cotton string, girls; I thought she would reveal it."

"The idea! Sarah Norris, eat those words with your angel cake," commanded Katherine.

"But what is 'our-set-ism' and 'position-ism' and ——"

"Culture-ism and best-clothes-ism," interpolated Margie.

"Yes," continued Sarah, "what is it all but Brahmanism, in a sense? That old half-nude man, with his brass baby-dishes and his sacred messes, really believes he is 'way above other castes.'"

Beth Carlton, who had not given an opinion before, leaned forward with an earnest expression. "I couldn't help thinking so," she said; "what we have had—Christian birth, education, and social advantages—aren't really a part of us. That is, we might have been very common people indeed without them. So if we place too great stress upon them, aren't they cotton strings, 'in a sense,' as Sarah says? Don't feel offended, Katherine; your paper was splendid,—but in my inner heart I thought how careful I must be not to claim superiority on account of any of these things."

The "Silent Sister," as Beth was lovingly called, was small but wise. The little silence which followed was broken by Lulu's comfortable tones: "I move we study the fitness of things, and let Katherine choose her own committee."

But Katherine shook her head. "I must think it out, girls. If I'm a Brahman I ought to know it; and when I can tell you about it I will call an extra meeting."

They saw that she was deeply moved, but she instantly laid the subject aside, and as they walked and talked in the beautiful garden, the other girls forgot for a time all but the delightful features of the afternoon.

Only a few days after the arbor meeting Katherine called a "special" in her own room. Her face was very bright, and she met the girls with a warm cordiality.

"Where is boasting, then? It is excluded," she said, opening the subject. "I was a Brahman, I really was; for my objection to our dear Clara was only cotton threads, more or less, in Swiss mull and such things. I never saw before the wide, wide difference between gratitude for what you have received and pride in the same. Now, then, my beloved hearers, listen to the 'application' which I should have made in my paper on Caste." And Katherine read: "Perhaps God wants us to learn some lessons from the heathen. Perhaps in all the wide world he sees no sadder sight than a Christian who is satisfied with his cotton strings of religious acquirements and good works, or his mental achievements, or his possession of this world's good things."

"Satisfied and selfish, I would say," added Beth, thoughtfully. "Yes; I think so."

"Now, girls," said Katherine, briskly, "fearing we might lose sight of this lesson I have prepared these mite boxes," and she drew them from the desk. "I have tied a cotton string around each,—yes, a string, not a baby ribbon. Every time we find ourselves prinking over our good clothes, good looks, or good anything else which makes us feel above other people, even the heathen, in goes a penance dime or nickel, with a little prayer for the old Brahman and—ourselves; will you?"

Very graciously they received the suggestive boxes and bore them away. To the beaches, the mountains, somewhere, anywhere, the happy girls scattered for their summer outings. It was September when they met again, this time at Sarah's home. The seven boxes stood in a row on the table.

"Now let us be puffed up by our penances; the money is to be poured into this bag by the treasurer, without counting," said Katherine.

Beth stepped forward, and with musical jingling the coins fell from their hiding places. "Whose was heaviest?" whispered Lulu. Beth shook her head. "They were all heavy," she replied; "and O, girls, I shall always bless the cotton string penance. I have really tried to break my little sacred dishes and things this summer: I was surprised to find I had so many."

"And if Beth can say that, what do you think I have had to do?" asked Katherine. "That Brahman is a near relative of mine, I find. Give me my box again." The other girls quietly took their boxes, and Beth drew the ribbons of the pretty silk bag, heavy with coins of twofold value.—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

PROGRAMME FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS FOR NOVEMBER.—SUBJECT: THANK OFFERINGS.

THIS subject may be the hardest of the year for us to make practical and interesting for the children; but if so, let us be willing to give it the extra work it may need.

As this meeting comes so near to the opening of the fall work, it may be well to have the secretary send notes of invitation to each of the former members and to any newcomers of whom he can learn, inclosing a Bible verse on thankfulness. The notes might be worded somewhat like this: "The Willing Workers have so many things to be thankful for that they are to meet Saturday and talk them over. Will you come and bring this verse and whatever else you are willing to give as your thank offering?"

Have the room as attractive as possible with flowers and bright leaves and as many foreign flags as you can collect.

After singing "Praise Him," and a prayer, let the verses that the children have brought be repeated, and also two or three poems on thanksgiving, which can be found in the *Dayspring* for December, 1894, and September and December, 1895.

Let each of the children then give one reason why they are thankful that they are not living in some foreign country, and after singing again let each give a fact which shall show one cause for gratitude in each of our mission stations during the year. It will make it more vivid if each child holds the flag of the country of which he is speaking. After this let the offering be taken, and unless you have some better plan let the mite boxes be opened at this meeting. Try to have whatever the children bring from their own earnings or savings.

Close the meeting with sentence prayers by each of the children, in which they shall not only give thanks, but give themselves to more earnest consecration for our Master's service.

Most of the facts to be given by the children will have to be written out for them. Almost any missionary magazine will furnish facts; the following will serve as illustrations:—

Mission Studies for September, 1893 and 1895, to be had at 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gives many general suggestions for thank-offering meetings. Reasons for thankfulness in 1896. The new "Robert Logan," *Missionary Herald*, January, 1896. The Jubilee at Pasamalai, in the same number. The great Christian Endeavor meeting in Foochow, Encouragements in Mexico, and the faithfulness of the Armenian Martyrs, *Missionary Herald*,

February, 1896. Latest news from Japan, South China, the Zulu Mission, and West Africa, the *Missionary Herald* for March. What Miss Child saw in Bombay, February, 1896, LIFE AND LIGHT. Advances in Spain and the work in Hiroshima, May, 1896, LIFE AND LIGHT. These may be added to in numbers to suit the size of your society.

Our Work at Home.

FOR HIS SAKE.

YOU ask me, "How did you come into these new notions of giving?"

Well, it was this way: A year ago this winter our house took fire. It was in the middle of the night, and we were all asleep. The flames were first discovered by a poor neighbor, who at once gave the alarm, and then burst in the door. The house was full of smoke, and the fire had already attacked the staircase which led to the rooms in which we were still sleeping. It seems almost a miracle that we were got out alive. We were dazed and suffocated, and it was only the heroic courage and strength of our neighbor that brought us down the blazing stairway into the open air. But it nearly cost him his life. Indeed, we thought the poor man, gasping there for breath, would die on the spot. Intent on protecting us, he had exposed himself so that he was terribly burned about the arms and chest. He had, too, drawn into his lungs the smoke and the almost furnace-like air. As he stumbled out of the door with the last child in his arms, he fell down utterly spent. I shall never forget the anguish of that hour. He had saved us, but himself seemed dying—dying for our sakes. All thought of our own misfortune at once left us. The best physicians were summoned, and we bore him tenderly to his own house. When the immediate danger had been averted, it became plain that it would take the careful nursing of many months to bring him back to his ordinary health, if, indeed, he had not become disabled for life.

And now it was our turn. He was a laborer, and his family were wholly dependent on his daily earnings. It did not take us long to decide upon our course. In fact, there was no debate or counseling about it. The immediate and common thought of each of us, down to the youngest child, was that we should at once take the whole care of this family upon ourselves. They were now allied to us by a tie stronger than any bond of kindred, and we did not for a moment hesitate what to do.

I had a business that gave us a comfortable support, though we had followed the custom of our acquaintances generally of living in a liberal way, quite up to the extent of our means. But we did not stay to ask whether we could afford it or not. We just settled it at once that this should be done first, and then we would somehow contrive to live on what remained.

My eldest daughter soon secured a class in music, and the next one found a place in a kindergarten. It was a great delight to me and a stimulus to my own efforts to see how intent the younger children were, each one of them, to earn or save something for the great purpose which had now come into our hearts. It sometimes brought the tears to see especially how Charlie, the last one saved, took wholly upon himself to look after one of the children of our brave friend, a boy about a year younger than himself. He could enjoy nothing, neither garment, schoolbook nor plaything, until he had seen to it that his little mate was fitted out as he himself was. And often this was done at a real sacrifice to the little fellow.

Indeed, this was the way with us all. It did not occur to us to ask whether we could do what we had undertaken without feeling it. We wanted to feel it. We could not take upon ourselves any of the bodily anguish of this poor suffering man,—suffering for our sakes. But it was a genuine satisfaction to be doing something for him, at some cost to ourselves, some real self-denial, that should be as constant as was the pain he was enduring. We somehow felt that it was the only way we could emphasize to our own hearts our great obligation, and show to him our gratitude; the only way in which we could in some small measure—it seemed very small to us sometimes—suffer with him in his great suffering for us.

I do not say that there was no conflict in doing this. After the excitement of the first few days was past, it was often necessary to reinforce our variable impulses by calling up to our minds a sense of duty. The close quarters into which we had moved were inconvenient. Our former tastes and luxurious indulgences now and then stoutly asserted themselves. They had grown into headstrong habits, and it sometimes cost a real conflict to put them down.

There was a natural but unlooked for result from the self-denials and solitudes of this year. We were drawn not only to this man who was making a brave fight for life in at the next door, for we were continually running in and out, but we were also drawn to each other as we had never been before. A new tenderness and patience came into our lives. Somehow the common service and sacrifice upon which all our hearts were set softened us, and brought us together in a sympathy and oneness of feeling which was altogether new, and thus it proved to be the happiest period of our domestic life.

It is a year now since that terrible night. Last evening, as it was the anniversary of the fire, we gave up the accustomed hour of family worship to a review of these experiences. It was a delightful and precious season. We felt, with humble gratitude, that we had come up to a higher plane of life, and no one of us had any desire to go back to the old way of self-indulgence. There had been quietly growing in our hearts for some months the thought, If for this man's sake, why not even more for Christ's sake?

When we had read at our morning worship such passages as the 53d of Isaiah, or the closing scenes of our Lord's life in the Gospels, and many expressions in the Epistles, the suffering—sometimes the intense anguish in at the next door—of which we were often the witnesses, and which was almost never out of our thoughts, seemed to make very real to us our Lord's sacrifice and sufferings for us. And there would sometimes appear to us, with the vividness of a new revelation, the words, "Ye are bought with a great price; ye are not your own."—*Selected.*

A LETTER AND THE REPLY.

"DEAR AUNT PHÆBE: May I come to you, as of old, with one of my perplexities? I have been asked to go, as a delegate from our Branch, to the annual meeting of the Woman's Board at Manchester, and of course I should count it a great privilege to be there. I have always wished to attend the business meeting of the delegates, which must be both interesting and profitable.

"Now as to the *pros* and *cons*. My husband is in favor of my going, and my sister Mary will be here to look after my family. Like many others, we are feeling somewhat cramped financially, this year, because of unpaid dividends, but there is a certain gold piece which came to me at Christmas, which might pay my expenses. My one hesitation is whether I ought not to give that money directly to the treasury of the Woman's Board, and stay at home. Of course I give regularly through our auxiliary, and there are always opportunities for special gifts in thank offerings and mite boxes. But just now, when the need of funds is so great, I am really at a loss whether it would be right for me to spend this gold piece in going to Manchester.

"I know that you will not misunderstand me, nor laugh at me, but that you will help me to see clearly, like the wise woman that you are.

Your loving niece,

RACHEL."

“MY DEAR NIECE RACHEL: As I read your letter, the text occurred to me, ‘There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.’ There are other ways of giving to foreign missions than through a society; other ways, indeed, of giving to that society than paying money into its treasury. When the president of our auxiliary sent out one hundred and fifty invitations to our thank-offering meeting, she may have questioned whether it would have been better to put her money into her mite box, instead of spending it for postage, especially as she was disappointed at the small attendance. But, on the other hand, there were some unwonted faces seen at that meeting, and more than one testified afterwards to the interest she had felt. The next year may show more results.

“Every meeting of the Woman’s Board and of the American Board must call for an expenditure of money which might be given directly for the salaries of missionaries, Bible women, and native teachers. Indeed, the publication of the *Missionary Herald* and LIFE AND LIGHT cost large sums of money. Would it be better to give up these valuable periodicals in order to send out more missionaries? Or is there reason to believe that without such meetings and such publications there would be a great falling off in contributions? If all the delegates appointed to attend the meeting at Manchester next November, declined going in order to give to the Woman’s Board the amount the trip would cost them, would there be a gain or loss to the treasury? Yet it is worth while to stop and consider, as you are doing, whether as a faithful steward, bound to make the best use of that which is intrusted to her, one should go or not. It is a case of conscience which each must determine for herself. Let every one be fully persuaded in her own mind. There are women who carry so little interest to missionary meetings, and who gain so little from them, that it might be better for them to stay away and give the money it would cost to missions, provided they did so give it. It was not because he cared for the poor that Judas Iscariot counted up the value of the precious ointment. ‘But I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak.’

“Waiting upon God for guidance, the way will be made plain to you. If you decide that it is right for you to go to Manchester, take the comfort of believing that you are truly contributing to the cause of foreign missions when you purchase your railroad ticket. Whatsoever you do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and then you will go to meet the Master and his servants, to talk of the things concerning the kingdom, to pray together for its advancement, and, in renewed consecration to your Lord, to enter upon a new year of his service.

Your loving

AUNT PHOEBE.”

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Illustrated Africa: Scenes from Daily Life on the Dark Continent. From photographs secured in Africa by Bishop Wm. Taylor, Dr. Emil Holub, and the Missionary Superintendents.

The title of this volume of illustrations tells the whole story. They are taken from that admirable monthly *Illustrated Africa*, the pictures of whose editors head the list of half tones and wood cuts. There is a brief sentiment also given from each of these editors, showing their devotion to the Dark Continent.

Bishop Taylor says: "In the development of indigenous resources, political and commercial activities, and utilization of scientific discoveries, Africa suddenly bursts on the world. Its conquest for Christ will be hastened by exact representations of its diversified peoples."

Henry M. Stanley writes: "My heart is enlisted in Africa. What we want now is to develop the country, not so much for the white man as for the natives themselves. A work which I can help along much better now than if I were there."

Dr. Emil Holub and Ross Taylor speak chiefly of the value of the illustrations, which are in most cases accompanied by brief explanatory notes, and express the hope that they may "speed the Light into the Midnight Empire." Whoever is interested in Africa should not fail to subscribe for the copiously illustrated monthly from which these pictures are gathered.

For His Sake: A Record of a Life Consecrated to God and Devoted to China. Extracts from the Letters of Elsie Marshall, martyred at Hwa-Sang, Aug. 1, 1895. F. H. Revell Co. Pp. 223.

This is the story of an English girl who met a cruel death in China before her twenty-sixth birthday. A sunny, sweet spirit full of love to God and man, her one desire was to do good and be good. The Bible was the book of books to her, and she clung to her own Bible to the very end, though the hand with which she grasped it had been wounded.

Her cheerful courage in the midst of discouragements was an inspiration to her co-workers, and she explained this by saying that when the Devil tried to discourage her she repeated over and over again to herself, "The word of our God shall stand forever," and never failed to get strength from this promise. Elsie Marshall had gone to China as the representative of a missionary band in her father's church, and in connection with the church of England Zenana Society. The father was in closest sympathy with his heroic daughter, and the young worker in China felt herself constantly helped and strengthened by the prayers of her friends in the homeland.

In this way she accounted for her remarkable acquisition of the language, for she passed her first examination in six months instead of twelve, and the second in about a year. One rises from the reading of these letters with a new conception of what the grace of God can accomplish in a soul entirely self-surrendered.

G. H. C.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

The Century, September: "Glave's Journey to the Livingstone Tree," "Glimpses of Life in Africa," from the journals of the late E. J. Glave. Illustrated. In same, "Midsummer in Southern Spain," by Eliz. Robins Pennell. Illustrated.

The Fortnightly Review, September: "Stray Thoughts on South Africa" (continued), by Olive Schreiner. In same, "The Future of China," by L.

The Nineteenth Century, August: "The God who Promised Victory to the Matabele," by J. M. Orpen. In same, "Nature *Versus* the Chartered Company," by Hon. J. Scott Montagu, M.P. In same, "Li Hung Chang," by A. Michie.

The Contemporary Review, August: "The Caliph and His Duties," by Ahmed Riza.

The North American Review, September: "America's Duty to Americans in Turkey:" An Open Letter to the Hon. John Sherman, U. S. Senator from Ohio, by the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.

M. L. D.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

October.—Peking and Tung-cho, China. See LIFE AND LIGHT for September.

November.—Thank-offering Meeting.

December.—Signs of Promise in 1896. Reports from the annual meeting of the Board.

January.—Missionary Literature.

February.—Outlook for Christ's Kingdom in Turkey.

March.—An Hour in Spain.

April.—The Condition of Our Own Auxiliary.

May.—Bulgaria: its Condition and Mission Work.

June.—An Hour in the Mexican Field.

July.—God's Promises the Foundation of the Missionary Structure.

August.—A Voyage in the Morning Star.

September.—An hour in the Austrian Field.

October.—The Personal Factor in Missionary Work.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings.

THANK-OFFERING MEETING.

TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.

Suggested programme.—Controlling thought of the hour: Thanksgiving for Blessings, In Mission Work, In Personal Experience. Hymn. Responsive Reading (Isa. xlix. 13-26). Prayer. Hymn. See LIFE AND LIGHT for October, 1895. What are some of the causes for gratitude in the mission work? (Six responses, brief, each stating a blessing received the past year through mission work.) Prayer of thanksgiving for these mercies. Reading of a selected poem, see October, 1895; or article, see LIFE AND LIGHT for September, 1891, August, 1892; leaflets, "Her Offering," "The Miss Patience Band." Hymn, "My Jesus, I love thee," etc. Gathering of thank-offering envelopes. Reading of the slips by leader. Prayer of thanksgiving for these mercies. Announcement of amount of offering. Hymn of consecration. (Copies of LIFE AND LIGHT, leaflets, and new form of invitation and of Responsive Service, to be obtained from Miss A. R. Hartshorn, No. 1 Congregational House, Boston.)

The recital of a succession of varied blessings, representing many experiences, warms and stimulates the heart. If the number of slips received is large, a suitable portion only need be used by leader.

Reports and business can be omitted from this meeting with added effect.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Church, Manchester, N. H., on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4 and 5, 1896. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting for delegates only will be held on Tuesday, November 3d.

The ladies of Manchester will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names, before October 1st, to Mrs. W. H. Fairchild, Manchester, N. H. To delegates and others who may wish to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address. It is earnestly requested that if any ladies who send their names decide not to attend the meeting the committee be promptly notified.

Plans for the meeting are progressing satisfactorily. It is too early yet to announce names of speakers or a specific programme, but we can assuredly promise a feast of good things, richly rewarding those who can attend.

In Memoriam.

MRS. ROLAND MATHER.

In the death of Mrs. Roland Mather, of Hartford, Conn., our Board has sustained a most serious loss. In the early days of our history Mrs. Mather entered into our work with great zeal and earnestness, bringing to it a strong, well-trained intellect, genuine enthusiasm, and deep consecration. For three years she was president of our Hartford Branch, which owed much to her wise planning and inspiring energy in execution. Although compelled by ill health to lay down her office, she lost no part of her interest in the cause she loved; and while waiting daily for the summons to her place in the heavenly kingdom, a large part of her thoughts and prayers were given to the kingdom on earth. It is surely most natural to find the daughter of such a mother the president of one of the largest women's missionary societies in the country—Mrs. Turner, the accomplished president of the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society. Earth is the poorer to us when such valued workers, so long identified with us, pass from our sight, but their example, their influence and good deeds can never pass away. They abide with us, still inspiring, stimulating, urging us onward in the shining path they trod so well.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from July 13 to August 13, 1896.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Bath, Winter St. Ch., Willing Workers, 26; Hallowell, Aux., 9; Jonesport, Ladies' Union Miss'y Soc., 3; Portland, Williston Ch., Aux., 10; Wells, Second Ch., Aux., 26,	74 00
Total,	74 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>Hampstead.</i> —A Friend, 20	20
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Alton, Aux., 2.50; Ben-	

nington, Aux., 6; Campton, Cong. Ch., 21.50; Chester, Christmas Roses, 5; Concord, So. Ch., Kimball Circle, King's Daughters, 10; Hillsboro Bridge, Aux., 5; Keene, First Ch., Aux. (of which 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Edward Joslin), 43.83. Second Ch., Little Light Bearers, 8; Kensington, Aux., 7.25; Lebanon, Aux., 41.70; Manchester, First Ch., Aux. (of which 25 by Mrs. E. B. Edwards, to const. L. M. Mrs. O. J. Corson), 75. So. Main St. Ch., Aux., 28. Children, 6; Merrimack, Aux., 14; Orford, Aux., 39.20; Penacook, Aux., to complete L. M. Mrs. Susan J. Gage, 20; Rochester, Aux., 37.83; Somersworth, Aux., 50; Stratham,

Aux., 22; Webster, Aux., 12.50; West Lebanon, Aux., 8.43,	463 74
Total,	463 94

VERMONT.

<i>Putney</i> .—Mrs. E. H. Field,	2 00
<i>Vermont Branch</i> .—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Burlington, Aux., 40; Chelsea, S. S., 10; Fairlee, A Friend, 10; Middlebury, Inasmuch King's Daughters, 7.45; Pittsford, Aux., 23,	90 45
Total,	92 45

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch</i> .—Mrs. Chas. E. Swett, Treas. Billerica, Aux., 20; Lexington, Aux. (of which 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Chas. F. Carter), 39.60; West Medford, Aux., 20; Winchester, Aux., 90; Mission Union, 50,	219 60
<i>Barnstable Branch</i> .—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Yarmouth, Aux.,	9 75
<i>Essex North Branch</i> .—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. East Haverhill, Miss Mary Elliott, 5.10; Ipswich, Aux., 25; Newburyport, Aux., 50,	80 10
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Middleton, Aux., 5; Peabody, Aux., 139.03,	144 03
<i>Franklin Co. Branch</i> .—Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas. Greenfield, Aux., 7.80; Hawley, Aux., 9.40; Shelburn, Aux., 11,	28 20
<i>Hubbardston</i> .—Cong. Ch., by Lucy H. Grimes,	4 24
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Plympton, Aux.,	10 00
<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Boxboro, Aux., by Mrs. Hager, to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucie Caroline Hager, 25, S. C. E., 10,	35 00
<i>Old Colony Branch</i> .—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas. Marion, Aux., Mrs. H. L. Brackett,	3 60
<i>Rockville</i> .—Monthly Concert Coll., by Mrs. E. A. Jones,	1 00
<i>Sharon</i> .—S. C. E., by S. A. Weston,	5 00
<i>Springfield</i> .—A Friend,	40
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, Thank Offering, E. M. G., 10, Union Ch., Aux. (of which 25 by Mrs. Ellen M. Gay, to const. L. M. Charles Albert Gay), 29.46; Chelsea, Third Ch., Aux., 13.21; Dorchester, Second Ch., Y. L. Miss. Soc., 25, Go Forth M. B., 3,	80 67
<i>Worcester County Branch</i> .—Mrs. E. A. Sumner, Treas. Worcester, Central Ch., Aux.,	75 00
Total,	696 59

LEGACY.

<i>Peabody</i> .—Legacy of Miss Mary J. Floyd,	200 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch</i> .—Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Providence, Central Ch., The Wilkisons, 10, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 50,	60 00
<i>Riverside</i> .—Cong. Ch., S. C. E.,	5 00
Total,	65 00

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Enfield, King St. M. C., 5; Glastonbury, Cheerful Givers M. C., 25; Newington, Junior Aux., 9; Simsbury, Open Hearts M. C., 60; Tolland, Aux., 18; Unionville, Aux., 11.50; West Hartford, Aux., 38.89; Windsor Locks, Aux., 50,	217 39
<i>New Haven Branch</i> .—Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Branford, Aux., 44.50; Bridgeport, No. Ch., Cradle Roll, 5, Olivet Ch., Cradle Roll, 15.20, So. Ch., Cradle Roll, 30.55; Cobalt, Cradle Roll, 1.61; Danbury, First Ch., S. C. E., 10; East Hampton, Cradle Roll, 70 cts.; Harwinton, S. C. E., 10; Ivoryton, Aux., 1; Killingworth, S. C. E., 6.41; Meriden, Centre Ch., S. C. E., 4; Middlefield, S. C. E., 3.50; Middletown, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 5.30; Milford, First Ch., Aux., 3; New Haven, Grand Ave. Ch., Cradle Roll, 7.85, United Ch., Cradle Roll, 6.26; Northford, S. C. E., 5.50; No. Woodbury, Cradle Roll, 1; Southbury, Aux., 1; Torrington, Third Ch., S. C. E., 10; Waterbury, Second Ch., S. C. E., 10,	182 38
<i>Norfolk</i> .—The Hillhurst Guests,	30 00
Total,	429 77

LEGACY.

<i>New Haven</i> .—Legacy of Margaret E. Shelley, 200 00	
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NEW YORK.

<i>Ancram</i> .—Miss Florence J. Stevens,	5 00
<i>Honeoye</i> .—S. C. E., by Alice H. Reed,	30 00
<i>New York State Branch</i> .—Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Aquebogue, A Friend, 10; Black River and St. Lawrence Assoc., 12.25; Java Village, Aux., 5; New York Dist., 20; Sidney, Three Children, 2.90; Syracuse, Daiforth Ch., Penny Gatherers, 5, Plymouth Ch., W. Guild, 50; Less expenses, 5,	100 15
<i>Woodville</i> .—Miss P. L. Wood,	1 00
Total,	136 15

MARYLAND.

<i>Baltimore</i> .—Brown Memorial Ch., Handful of Corn M. B., 35, Wild Tiger Soc., 30,	65 00
Total,	65 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>China</i> .—Sale of silk presented by the Empress Dowager,	12 00
<i>Turkey</i> .—Harpoot, Euphrates College S. C. E.,	13 20
Total,	25 20
General Funds,	1,838 75
Gifts for Special Objects,	209 35
Variety Account,	24 73
Legacies,	200 00
Total,	\$2,272 83



INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS BARKER.

MADURA, June 19, 1896.

THIS last season at Kodai has been a trying one to some of our number. For the first few weeks influenza went round the settlement. A good many, especially among the children, were ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones lost their baby girl. Mr. Chandler was so prostrated by his attack that the doctors decided that he must return to America. They think his attack of cholera two years ago so weakened his constitution that he cannot stand a serious illness, as he might otherwise have done.

The first part of the year I was quite busy with Tamil, again preparing for my second examination. I took it at Kodai, in April, and am so happy now to be able to devote all my time to the work. You will perhaps be surprised, unless you have already heard, that my work has been changed. Even before it was decided that the Chandlers must go home, Mrs. Chandler felt that she must give up the Hindu girls' schools in Madura. There was a good deal of talk in mission meeting as to what should be done with them, and they finally decided to give them to me. I had gotten into the Bible woman's work, and was very much interested in it; but there is much about the schools that I know I shall enjoy, and, indeed, I have fallen quite in love with them, and with the dear little dark-skinned, bright-eyed girls even in the three weeks since I came down from the Hills. There are four Hindu girls' schools in the city now, and all in pretty good condition.

Two of the mistresses in the Central School left during vacation, so I have been trying to get two new teachers. It is not an easy matter to find teachers, especially unmarried ones, as it is difficult to get a place for them to stay. Most families are not willing to take boarders; and it is against all Hindu idea of propriety for such young women to live in a house by themselves. Besides, they object to walking to and from the schools through the city streets. This latter, however, is not so much an objection as the former. We are very glad when we are fortunate enough to find teachers

whose homes are in Madura itself. I have just succeeded in getting two young married Madura women, and hope it will be some time before I shall have to look for teachers for this school again.

The North Gate School is one of the most prosperous of the four. The building is one Mrs. Capron put up when she was here. It is now quite inadequate to the needs of the school. The daily attendance is quite large, and all the children are crowded into the three small rooms and a narrow veranda. Imagine seventy-five or eighty-five little people all reciting or else studying out loud in such a place. I often wonder how the teachers can bear the noise and confusion.

Land has been purchased near the present North Gate School site for a new building. The plans also are ready. I am going to try hard to get the money to build, as we really need it very much. The school cannot grow with the present accommodations. We hope to sell this old house for twelve hundred rupees, and government perhaps will grant us a thousand. This will make twenty-two hundred rupees of the five thousand the new building will cost. Would not some of the Californian societies and friends like to help with this? I know it is a bad time to be asking for money, but every little helps, and anything that anyone would like to give toward the North Gate School would be warmly welcomed. So, of course, would be any contribution to any of the schools.

There is a little dwarf in the North Gate School; she is nine years old, but is no larger than a child of two or three. She is in the higher class in the school,—the fourth standard; she looks so funny sitting or standing among the other girls of her class, almost all of whom are twice as tall as she. Her father and mother, I am told, are very tall people, and they are very fond of their small daughter, although she is too tiny, the head master says, to do any work about the house. They are quite proud of her attainments in school, however, and want her to keep on studying. Yesterday morning when I went into the school she was perched upon a bench with a slate that was much too large for her to manage comfortably, taking dictation. Her little fingers were not much larger round than the slate pencil she was holding.

The children are very interesting and attractive, some of them; in fact many of them seem almost like little Christian children. I believe a few have a real faith in Christ.

The children in all the schools cover their eyes (as they say in Tamil) and bow their heads reverently during prayer, and in the South Gate School they all kneel. I wish I might tell you more about the working of the schools, but must leave it for future letters.

Do not forget to pray much for the work,—that those who hear the Word may know that it is the Lord's message to them, and that these heathen children who are under Christian influence and teaching from morning till night, may tell the story in their homes, and not only come themselves to the Saviour but bring others with them.

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MRS. BALDWIN.

BROUSA, April 20, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. FARNAM: I wrote you a short letter the last of March, which I presume has just reached you. In the meantime we have welcomed our associates back from their winter campaign, have closed school for the Easter vacation, have made our visit to Constantinople, and are now beginning the second week of the new term. Our stay in Constantinople, in spite of unpleasant weather, was most enjoyable, because of the opportunity to see so many old friends. We were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Herrick, our associates during the first years of our missionary life, but it has so happened that Mrs. Herrick and I have not met for more than ten years.

School began with good cheer, notwithstanding the loss of six pupils—all promising ones, too; but I trust they will find new school homes in Constantinople, Smyrna, or Philippopolis, the three cities to which they have gone with their parents. This leaves us now with forty-six in actual attendance, and probably not many new ones will come in during this, the last term of the year, in most of the schools. The week was a busy one, and I felt unusually vigorous, so that I accomplished more than mere school work in the line of visiting and letter-writing.

One day I remember in particular we breakfasted early, so as to be in our places for prayer-meeting at quarter past seven; I came home and did the part of household duties that falls to me, and then went to call on a mother who had wanted me the day before to come and see her sick baby. Giving what help and comfort I could, I still reached school at nine o'clock, in time to conduct the opening exercises. In the course of the day I had ten recitations, and hurrying home, leaving school to be dismissed by one of the assistant teachers, I started out to make another visit, this time some distance from home, on a young mother whose baby boy of eighteen months, her first born, had recently died. It was not easy to console her for such a loss, but I think we were both benefited by the hour we spent together. While I was preparing to go, there occurred a severe and pro-

longed earthquake, which was repeated in a lighter form during my call. People ran out of their houses and men in the bazaars rushed out of the shops, but I have not heard of any harm done in the city. By evening I was inclined to stop work, but on sitting down to my desk wrote three letters. In some odd minutes during the day I cut out some work and did a little mending. In one of your letters you once asked me for the record of a day, and thus, unintentionally, I have given you the skeleton of one which your imagination perhaps can clothe. I should like every day to be as full, but my head will not always allow me to follow out my inclinations. The sea air had acted like a tonic; it always does me good, and I often wish it were nearer me.

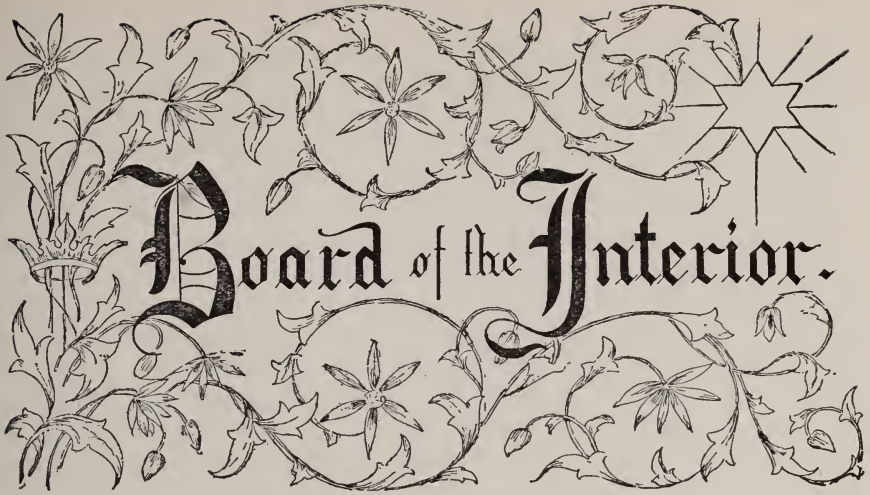
The boarding department is small at present, but there are new applications already, in view of the change of locality; the experiment, however, will have to be tried at least a year before we can report results, so that I hope you will make no change in your appropriations at present. We see nothing to dishearten or discourage, but, on the contrary, look for success in proportion to the provisions made and efforts expended. May the Lord guide us and you in all our deliberations, and may we so follow his leading that there shall be nothing to regret when we look back on what we have tried to do for him.

We shall miss Mr. and Mrs. Crawford when they finally leave us for Trebizond, but we acquiesced in a plan which was heartily approved by all—they defer their visit to the home land a year, in order that Dr. Parmelee, who is in much need of a change, may take his vacation first.

You will excuse a short letter this time. Though I have had my afternoon at home, I have had my time taken up with one or another coming in, and I was glad to be here to meet those who wanted to see me. All the classes cannot be examined publicly at the end of the term, so I am working them in as seems convenient and practicable. I have just been looking over a spelling exercise of one of the girls,—six hundred and eighty-two words pronounced at different times from Roman and Greek history; found but twenty-one mistakes, which gives ninety-seven per cent. I consider this an exceptionally good record! What do you think of it for an Armenian girl?

We are still denied most of our American newspapers, though the *Pacific* slips through oftener than any other. In the last I saw that dear Mrs. Dwinell had gone to her rest. Let us rejoice that she is with her Saviour and with her dear ones who have gone before.

“A few short years and our toil is done—
Our conflict finished, the victory won.
May we lay our cross and our armor down,
For the saintly robe and the kingly crown.”



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

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Mrs. H. M. LYMAN.

ANOTHER THANK-OFFERING MEETING.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1896.

ALWAYS the same? Never! Is the beauty of the flowers just what it was last year? We thought not as we watched the exquisite coloring flowing upon us from the airy baskets swaying in the breeze, or sending perfume from the frames of our dear missionaries, or from the bright banks on the mantels where the old idols lay fairly smothered in Christian fragrance. Dainty fingers touched up the dear rooms at 59 Dearborn Street as loving hearts brought their floral offerings from the suburbs. Anew did its beauty come into our hearts, and ever fresh year by year do the causes for thankfulness fill our souls. Ever fresh and never failing, for as our leader, Miss Mary P. Wright, said, the cause for thankfulness is our God. Circumstances may change, but Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. From the 103d Psalm she spoke of the first four verses telling of personal benefits, but dwelt upon the rest of the Psalm,—gratitude for the character of God revealed to his children. To the children of Israel he revealed his acts; to Moses, his friend, the ways and manner of working. Alone on the mountain top he said to him, "I will show thee." But to the thankful

heart is the cause for thankfulness. Holmes said that were a dish of sand offered him in which to find particles of iron, his fingers would wander vainly about. But let a magnet sweep over it, all particles would rise at once. So, too, the thankful heart finds what others do not see.

It was our privilege to hear of the gratitude of a Hindu woman. Madame Nikambé, of Bombay, India, uttered words of thankfulness, deep and heart-felt, for the gospel light and the work the missionaries were doing for them. Then she gave us such a lesson on giving as filled us with humility. The Hindus give, give, give! It is a part of their religion, and is in daily exercise. They give to their gods, give to their sacred animals, give to fellow-man. No one is ever turned empty away from the door. There is a handful of grain, if nothing else be left. And their hospitality is abounding. No one is denied food, shelter, or a bed. If he be of the wrong caste, he may have a little room on the veranda. They give of their wealth; they give of their poverty; yet it is not satisfactory. They give for prosperity, for a happy hereafter.

But when they become Christians, they lay heart, time, and all on the altar. The difference in giving is indescribable; it is as the difference between heaven and earth! One old man, a native Christian, had been presented by his son-in-law with a fine new coat, elegant trimming and with tassels in front. He would thank God for the new coat, and go to the conference. There his heart was stirred by the words of the speaker, and he felt he must give. But he had nothing to give. He was in perplexity. He had not been extravagant, and that coat was the gift of his son-in-law. But the Lord had never had such a coat while living here. All were asked to help as they could, and the poor gave eggs, vegetables, grain, whatever they might have. He placed his coat upon the altar.

Several soloists gave us of their beautiful songs—Mrs. Knapp, leader of the choir in the church of the Ascension, Mrs. Carter of Glencoe, and Miss Laura Miller of Evanston.

Now came our rich period of testimonies. Mr. Nikambé spoke of having frequent thanksgiving days. Brought up in the superstition of idol worship, he was drawn out from the heathen masses. Mr. Storer, of Africa, was full of gratitude for health returned to his wife and himself,—health which they may use in God's service in Africa; and for the health of their Helen, that she may carry out her desire to work in Africa.

One rejoiced in this meeting, where old friends and acquaintances may meet and talk over the things of Christ's kingdom. "My box and I anticipate it." So from missionaries we heard Mrs. Capron, Mrs. Dean, and a note from Miss May Stanley; from a daughter of a missionary, Mrs. Balan-

tine ; and from an outgoing missionary, Miss Swartz, who, by nature, rushing and plunging ahead, thanked God that he had led her gently ; along and had taught her to appropriate his gifts.

We cannot enumerate all the causes for thankfulness of those present ; and of the absent ones, Mrs. Blatchford and Mrs. Montgomery, for the precious outcome of a year of pain, for the fellowship of suffering with Christ. Most touching to us was the box found among our Mrs. Baker's possessions, with its thank offering begun here and completed there. From one was the offering, " Perhaps my last, for I am seventy-nine years." To Miss Wright a bright belt was sent by a friend in Armenia, his work while now in prison. " Let us be thankful for the things the Lord has not done," she said ; " we are not suffering in prison."

Our thank-offering collection was gathered, and the amount given, in sums from the fifteen cents to the twenty-five dollars, found to be one hundred and forty-five dollars and sixty-five cents. Miss Hattie Winter, an out-going missionary, and Madame Nikambé were then made life members. Prayers of thanksgiving had been rising throughout the meeting, and we closed with the benediction, pronounced by Mr. Nadhavarav B. Nikambé.

F. B. W.

NOTES FROM THE FRIDAY MEETING.

July 31st. It was a great pleasure to welcome Mrs. Bridgman, of Northampton, Mass., who told us that in her journey through Spain last year she found everywhere proofs of the work Mrs. Gulick's school in San Sebastian has done for woman. She found graduates in Santander, Seville, Madrid, and Lisbon. Everywhere Mrs. Gulick's faith, patience, and consecration have made their mark on her pupils.

Mrs. Hurlbut asked what we could do to awaken others to an interest in foreign missions. She had made six or seven calls the day before, with little result. One woman had no allowance—the father of the family did not like pledges ; one gave little money except at the door, where she could see the need.

Mrs. Gunsaulus said we are not persevering enough. We need the guidance of the Spirit in our efforts. It is not so much information as a revelation from Him that many of our friends need. We need, every one of us, a new consecration. Mrs. Gunsaulus remembered that they tried to have a debate in Plymouth Church last year on, " Why do I Believe in Foreign Missions?" and she walked miles to find some one to take the negative side.

The very ladies who had often said, "I do not believe in foreign missions; it does not pay to send our money to heathen lands; there are enough causes in great need at home," declined utterly. "Do you think I would say these things in a meeting before others?" one said. And her thought was, "Why not, if you say them in secret before the Lord, who died for the whole world?"

August 15th. A letter from Miss Bates was read, reporting the graduation exercises of the Hadjin Home, which drew together all the principal officials of the city, Turkish and Armenian. Of the six graduates, four live in Hadjin, and two, whose homes are in villages a few hours distant, were waiting for safe escort. One of them, Guluzar, is going home to a village where they have been pleading for a teacher, and will probably help her to open a school. They will meet her on her return as in another Turkish village years ago a young graduate was received with the words, "We will not say a girl is coming home to us, but, rather, a school is coming." Her teacher's word about her is, "Her whole life among us (six years) has seemed to be one eager drinking in of truth." The other one who remains is the daughter of a father and mother who have lost their all, and have been shut up in Zeitoun as refugees all the year. When and where she can go to her parents God only knows. Thirty girls remain for the vacation, and five teachers. We see Mrs. Coffing's motherliness in the one rule never to be disobeyed, that all shall go to their beds from one to three every day. So their eyes are protected from the glaring sun, and they are made sure of the benefit of the early morning hours.

Miss Lovell brought tidings from Miss Hess, of Marash, who made the journey to the coast in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lee, not without some danger from Kurds along the way, and is spending her vacation at Hissar, not far from Mersein, in the home of the Meads, at the head of a ravine through which she can look far out to sea, the island of Cyprus being distinctly visible. The most beautiful object in her view, she says, is a white spot out on the waves, which by the help of a glass reveals itself to be the war ship San Francisco, flying the stars and stripes.

August 21st. Miss Welles read a letter from Miss Evans, of China, in which she spoke of their great fear in Tung-cho lest they might not be able to open their college and training school for pastors this autumn. The blessed gift from the Tank estate for equipment will not pay the running expenses, and retrenchment has made havoc of their hopes. There were seventy young men and boys in attendance last year, and as many are waiting now to be admitted. One young man who graduated from the college with high hopes of going on into the ministry is teaching, and taking one study in

advance. And Miss Evans's dear mother heart watches and waits for her boys, and longs to give them every help to go on into the greatest usefulness.

Just here Mrs. Dean, born herself on Hindu soil, introduced to us two strangers in Hindu garb, who soon showed themselves to be not strangers, but friends. Rev. Mr. Nikambé was baptized at the age of fifteen by Mr. Harding, of Sholapur, India, and has been pastor of a Scotch Presbyterian church in Bombay for ten years. Both he and his wife, who was formerly associated with the Pundita Ramabai in her school for widows in Poona, spoke to us expressing their pleasure in meeting Christian friends, and their desire to know more and more of the methods of work here. Mr. Nikambé said as the Hindu goes to Benares, the Mohammedan to Mecca, to be taught the mysteries of their faith, so a Christian must come to a Christian country. They had come here empty, but hoped to go back filled with the Spirit and with new light. Mrs. Nikambé said they were looking for Room 48 of the W. P. B. M. just across the street, when a policeman directed them here, and it was only a new instance of the Divine relationship into which the dear Lord brings us with all Christian workers.

M. J. W.

59 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

CHINA.

FOOCHOW, May 22, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. LYMAN: Thank you very much for the kind wishes from the ladies and for their motherly interest in me. It is pleasant to know I can remain in Foochow and care for the work during Dr. Woodhull's absence in America. We have the hospital filled at present, and an average of sixty to eighty patients each dispensary day. There has been great progress the past year in every branch of the work. We have long been praying that the people would come, and now they are coming in such numbers that we are quite overwhelmed to know what to do with them. It is, indeed, the harvest time of souls, and we are especially blessed who have a part in it.

Not long ago an incident happened which encouraged me greatly. It was at one of my outside dispensaries, and I had been there only a few minutes when it began to rain very hard. Few patients came, and I began to think how the precious time was being wasted, and there was little need of being there. But among the few who came was a young woman employed in an officer's family, and she asked if we would not go to the house and tell the women something of the gospel. It was an unusual oppor-

tunity, and we gladly went. We were most cordially received, and a lunch was immediately prepared for us. As we entered the house I could not refrain from saying, "Why, your house is so very clean; just like the Christians' houses!"

As we talked with them we felt they were really interested, and they said over and over again, "Yes, we do believe." We told them they must not say with their lips that they believe, but with their whole heart must believe. They listened very attentively, and did not interrupt us with the usual questions as to "how much our dress cost," or whether "we oil our hair," or remark about the color of our eyes, or the gold in our teeth. There was none of the curiosity usually manifested when a foreigner is present. It was more like a visit in one of our own homes. They invited us very cordially to come again; and we left with hopeful hearts that our words had fallen on good ground.

You will perhaps not value this opportunity as we do, unless you understand how very difficult it is for a physician to gain the attention of the people for anything aside from their diseases. When we tell them about the gospel they immediately say, "Yes we will believe if you only heal us." They think we have power to do all things, and if we do not perform wonders it is only because we do not wish to do so. As we speak to them may God reveal unto them the value of their souls, and teach them the little worth of the body in comparison.

Yours in the work,

FRANCES E. NIEBERG-GODDARD.

INDIA.

BOMBAY, July, 1896.

I SPEND my whole time visiting with Zaubai in the homes of the women. It is work I have long desired to devote my time and energies to, and a work that is greatly needed to be done. There are some regular houses in the suburbs of Worli and Parel. We visit the homes, and there are many old acquaintances in them. We are constantly looking up new houses, and I hope before the close of my first year to have the work well systematized. We try to go to the same houses the same days of the week; in that way the women watch for our coming and are ready for us. I have some special pupils, too, who are learning to read or sew, and these are my special delight, as it gives me such good opportunities for heart-to-heart conversations in regard to the things which we long most to teach them.

Let me tell you of some of these women. One, only one, is a Moham-
medan, but she speaks Marathi and a very little English. As a child she
attended one of our girls' schools, and after her marriage she was regularly
visited by one of our ladies. She was soon left a widow with one little
girl. She seemed to enjoy continuing her studies, and was so fond of the
Bible and the stories of Christ that we thought her very near the kingdom.
She says she loves Christ, and prays to him every day, and has taught her
little girl to sing "Jesus loves me," and I feel that at heart she is a true
Christian, like many another woman in India. This woman has again
recently married, and now I fear that she may not openly confess Christ,
though I am continuing my visits as usual.

Another one, a Hindu, from Poona, as a child was married to an old, old
man who was most cruel to her. As she had been a pupil in one of our
schools there, she was rescued by the missionary in charge, and afterward
her parents married her to an educated and wealthy man (her elder sister's
husband, the sister having died) here in Bombay. She is very happy now,
and anxious to go on with her studies. Her husband is quite willing, and
always seems most glad to have me come to her. The present contrast to
her former life must be very great.

Another pupil is a young Hindu wife of about thirteen, who was in one
of my girls' schools. Her husband is a well educated young man whom
we have long known, very kind and nice to his wife, and quite willing to
have her go on with her studies.

Another one of my pupils is a young widow, whom I also had in my
school when she was small; she is not allowed to eat with her family
or even to touch them. If one of the younger children goes too near her
some one calls out, "Look out; you will touch her." She cannot go out
of the house for a year, nor can she mingle with the people in any of their
festivities.

I am only too grateful that they allow me to teach her, though I really
wonder at it when she is deprived of so many things. I urged them not long
ago to send her to Pundita Ramabai's Home for Widows, but they would not
think of it.

I have charge of two primary boys' schools, one in the poorhouse for the
children of the people living there, and the other outside for a rather better
class of boys. I have been visiting in the homes of these children, and the
very best of them are poor indeed. One of them lives in a tenement house
in one absolutely dark little room, opening into a dark, dirty hall. There
are probably two or three hundred people using that hall and living in that
and an adjoining tenement.

In another place the people were living in a bamboo hut with a roof of palm leaves. We had to stoop quite down to get in, and it seemed dark for a few moments. There was a cow in one corner, and fuel and hay in another; a baby hanging in a basket from a ridge pole was kicking and laughing, and seemingly quite as happy as a baby that is rocked in a cradle. People peered through the bamboo partition from the next house or room, so that we had quite an audience. In another just such place there were seventeen men, women, and children eating, sleeping, and living under the one roof, and an old woman lying sick in a corner.

The people have set up a conspicuous idol just outside of their house, called the cholera mother, and now that there is some cholera in the city, people from all over that neighborhood come and leave offerings there of fruit and grain, which these people appropriate to themselves, and thus make a living. This is also the way of professional beggars who adopt a certain colored garment, and then the people dare not refuse them. I am told that young men in colleges and universities, when they get into a hard place and cannot see the funds for the next year, adopt this beggar's dress and go about as holy men, and they actually get enough to carry them through the next year.

ANNA L. MILLARD.

TURKEY.

HADJIN, TURKEY, June 25, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. LYMAN: Long since you must have made up your mind that I am a very poor correspondent, and in that opinion I quite agree with you.

You know, of course, the kind of a year it has been with us, and can easily imagine that letters under such circumstances are depressing to the writer, as well as to those to whom they are sent. Still, you have, I am sure, thanked God many times, as we have, for his great mercy in sparing Hadjin many of the horrors which other places have suffered. We have seen, and still see, much of suffering and oppression; the cases of imprisonment and bereavement which come directly under our own eyes might fill a volume; but in the midst of it all we have gone on with our school without interruption, and have had the largest attendance at any time within its history.

As the spring came on, reminding us that if we intended to have any public graduation exercises it was time preparations were under way, we began to make plans, with many doubts and fears. After being disappointed

in being able to carry out our plans for the two previous years, it seemed so exceedingly unlikely that we could have public exercises of any kind this year, that it was only remembering how much occasions of this kind meant to the girls who have so little pleasure in their lives, that gave us the courage to undertake it. However, we had a class of six to graduate, and for their sakes preparations were begun.

The graduating exercises finally came off last Friday, and it was with a feeling of profound thankfulness that, tired but happy, we stood and shook hands with our friends Friday at noon, as they returned to their homes at the close of the exercises. I will inclose a programme which may interest you.

The Turkish governor, with two other officials and attendants, as well as all the principal Protestant and non-Protestant Armenians of the place, were present.

The girls' playground in front of the schoolhouse had been fitted up as our hall or reception parlor, and made a beautiful and spacious audience room. All around the edge benches and lounges had been placed, while the women sat on carpets spread down in the center. The whole had been roofed over with boards (helped out in some places by quilts), so that we had shade while yet the air had free play, and our roses being just in their prime, we had a wealth of flowers everywhere. The day before, that is, Thursday morning, we had had examinations of various lessons of the younger girls, the programme being so arranged that each girl should appear at least once, and the guests being this time the parents only.

These exercises went off nicely, too, and the feeling expressed by one woman (who had been hard to convince of the wisdom of educating girls), as she took me by both shoulders and assured me that her little daughter was "not hers but ours," was, I think, general.

The whole school has been divided into two classes in gymnastics, and these also gave an exhibition, the little ones Thursday and the older ones Friday morning,—the most generally appreciated of anything we had.

Four of our six graduates are Hadjin girls, and have gone to their homes. The other two, as well as all the younger girls from outside of Hadjin, are still with us, and expect to remain during the summer. One (Guluzar) is from Fekke, a village only seven hours distant, and we hope to send her home before many weeks. This village is one where there are no so-called Protestants. Certain friends of Mrs. Coffing's gave the money for keeping a man worker there two years, and the town, which is a very wicked place, seemed greatly stirred by these two years' efforts. This year, however, it has been left teacherless again, for the reason that no one could be found to

go there. The people have plead again and again this year for a teacher, and will, we think, be glad to have Guluzar teach a girls' school among them next year if we can get the necessary money. Guluzar is a most true and earnest young Christian, and our only fear is for her health, which is very delicate. She came to us six years ago, a delicate child, full of earnestness, and taking burdens of responsibility upon herself even then, but more even than most ignorant of all religious instructions, and filled with the superstitions of the people. Her whole life among us has seemed to be one eager drinking in of truth.

The other one of the graduates still with us is our Khatoon, one of the most loving and lovable girls we ever had. Her people belong to Marash, but they have lived for a number of years in Geoksün, a village some fourteen hours distant from us. This village was one from which all the Christians had to flee last fall, and Khatoon's parents are among those who have lost their earthly all, and have been shut up as refugees in Zeitoon all the year. Owing to the quarantines and their irregularities on the road, we did not succeed in getting Khatoon home at all last summer, and we do not yet quite know what we will do with her the coming fall. She told me Sunday, with tears in her eyes, that she hoped this vacation would be "very long," her idea being that at the close of the vacation she would have to leave her home here.

The girls still with us number thirty, besides five of our teachers. The condition of the roads made sending some of them home quite impossible on that account, while the absolute want and misery in other homes made an unanswerable argument for keeping others.

Many of them have lost father or mother, or brother or sister, this year; the homes of still others have been destroyed; the father of at least one has spent the year in prison, and the parents of others have been among those who, under the pressure brought to bear upon them, denied the Christian religion. Poor little girls! They have but a faint idea of the horrors they have escaped by being here this year.

Our programme for the summer days is not yet quite made out. There will be work for the forenoons most days, wheat-washing, boolghoon making, etc.; and then we have a number of comforters to be tied or quilted. So far these morning hours have been filled with mending, and this work is not done yet. All the quilts, sheets, pillowcases, napkins, towels, blankets, and carpets, as well as dresses and underclothing, must be gone over; and naturally it takes time. Only one fixed and unalterable rule has been laid down as yet, and that is that each girl shall go to bed from one to three P. M. each day. The object in this is to keep the girls out of the hot sun,

which is very injurious, especially to their eyes, and let them have the pleasure of enjoying more of the cool of the morning and evening.

We understand that the last of the Marash schools closed its year's work yesterday, and so we suppose that our young people who have been in the Aintab and Marash schools are on their way to us to-day. It will be a great relief if they reach us in safety by Saturday night. We know so little of what is going on in the world; have had no papers, even irregular ones, for nearly a year now. The *Century Magazine* comes through (clipped of any references to Armenia or Turkish affairs), and we get the *LIFE AND LIGHT* and *Mission Studies* sometimes. After trying in vain to get our papers for some months, we finally stopped our subscriptions. The Presidential nominations are undoubtedly the theme of absorbing interest at present. We will in time learn who the nominees are, through our little sheet of *News Notes* from Constantinople. We are all ready to hurrah for the Republican nominee here.

Mrs. Coffing and Miss Swenson unite with me in love to you, and also in wishing to be remembered to your daughters.

Cordially yours,

EULA G. BATES.

THANK OFFERINGS.

IN the name of Christ, the officers of the Woman's Boards make their appeal to the women of the churches. They are obeying His command in sending the gospel where it is not known. They need to do all that enterprising spirits and fertile minds can devise to rouse and sustain interest, and to secure contributions enough to meet the expenses of the work. Now they say to us all, to those who are members of the missionary societies, and to those who are not, but whose aid and sympathy are earnestly desired: "At this season of the year we ask for a Thank Offering, that we may add it to the gifts in our treasury. The work we sustain is great, the opportunities are greater, but the laborers on the field and at home are few, and the money pledged has not yet been given."

Those whose hearts are aflame in the work, and who have committed themselves to it, have expected this call to the thank-offering meeting, and their offerings are ready. Many of them say with David: "I willingly offer unto Thee. All things come of Thee, and of thine own have we given thee."

The majority to whom the call comes are not prepared for it, but in response to the notice sent, and perhaps to please some friend, they go to the meeting and put an offering into the box. Would it not be a better way if those who do not belong to the number already prepared in heart and gift,

should begin now each for herself to consider causes of thankfulness? They will surely want to make some return to the Giver of all good things. Each one must think out such reasons for herself. Words of others fall dead on the ear unless an experience in the heart rises to meet them.

But how easy it is to be thankful in this summer time of the year, when most of us turn from the year's routine of duty to go out into new scenes. The beauty of sea, lake, mountain, and forest seems to us more beautiful each returning season. We are thankful to be alive; and if with this rich experience comes also a uniting of broken circles, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, together again, a deeper joy fills the heart. Now is the time to reflect that God has given us enough to make our lives happy, and our hearts should be full of thankfulness. Sometimes we question this, and are perplexed. We see much sorrow and suffering in our own lot and in that of others. And the sorrow and suffering are real. But is this not almost always because of man's devices? God gives abundantly harvests, cattle, fruit, fish, for feeding the multitude, and fuel for warming them.

But man in his greed has limited these good gifts. God has given sunshine, and flowers, and trees, and green grass, and all the beauties of a varying landscape, but man shuts himself out of these into close spaces and into foul air. The children die, or grow up into the knowledge of the wickedness of man, and into ignorance of the works of God. The present distress and unrest result from some train of events man himself has started.

Let us realize that all the good we have is from God, and that all the evil is of man's devising, and we shall want to get as near to the Source of Good as possible. What a sunshine is in His presence! It falls on the soul as this sweet summer sunshine, and perfumed breezes, and lovely scenes fall on our opened senses. We praise and thank Him because we want to out of our full hearts, and say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his gifts to me?"

This call for thank offerings is a response to this cry of the thankful heart; and in answering the appeal the feelings are strengthened, the impression becomes permanent, and the tie is stronger between the soul and God. In the great thank-offering meeting held by David and his people, when they all rejoiced because with willing hearts they poured out their treasures for building a house for the Lord, their love for the work and their gratitude to God were much stronger than if David had given all the gold and silver. In that remarkable meeting at Old Orchard Beach a few weeks ago, when, in view of the wonderful works of God, the vast assembled multitude with joy gave freely their great contribution for foreign missions, love for their Lord and for his work in the world was strengthened in their hearts. God loves these impulsive heart offerings. He has shown his approval of them in many instances. David was a man after God's own heart, because in word and in works he was always expressing his love and gratitude.

But if we wait and ponder over our first impulse to give our thank offering, and taking counsel of our selfishness, say, "Really, I cannot afford it," it will be easier another time to repress the generous impulse. What a pity it is that we cannot as easily make callous the surface of our

selfishness! When we go by a shop, or think of some indulgence for our appetites, we do not so often say, "I cannot afford it," and presently these things that appeal to the senses find a quicker response than do appeals for the needs of the soul. We are surprised that others are so easily moved by them; we shall be still more surprised when we learn, too late, that by them Christ appealed to us, and that we did not minister to his needs.

Is it too late, then, when one has reached a point when the nature seems cold and hard, when this spring of happiness that flows from a grateful heart to bless all it can touch, is dried up? Is it too late to hope for such impulsive and joyous generosity again? There is left, thank God, the appeal that duty makes, and we can reason out for ourselves what is required from the children of God who have promised to obey him. He tells us to carry his words to all who have not known them, and we have begun to do so; but there is danger of our being dishonored by not fulfilling the pledges we have made. Surely each one who reads these words, and who acknowledges God as the giver of all good in her life, will think it a duty, if not a privilege, to add something to this thank-offering fund. She may say that her subscription has already been given, and that is all she can afford. Perhaps this is the opportunity to give more than one can afford, even as they sometimes spend for their gratification more than they can afford, and so to gain the blessing that Christ can bestow on those who deny themselves for his sake.

Just now the appeal is especially urgent, because the amount pledged for the year is so far from being raised. Is not this an alarming statement? It seems to show that the spirit of childlike thankfulness, and the expression of thankfulness, are passing away; and, worse still, that the vision of duty, "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God," is growing dim to many of us. Do we want to exchange these for coldness and selfish worldliness? It will be easier to do so than we think, perhaps. Let us try in this sweet summer to get back our glad, loving, thankful hearts, or let us put ourselves under the guidance of this "Stern Lawgiver, Duty," who, as Wordsworth says,

"can wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon her face."

M. R. J.

BE LOYAL.

BY C. M.

[Selected and Adapted.]

UNITED effort is a source of strength. This is the principle which underlies all organized work, the principle upon which our Woman's Board is founded. Individuals unite to form the Auxiliaries; Auxiliaries are banded together in Branches; and Branch united with Branch forms our grand Woman's Board.

But after all, has anything been gained by forming ourselves into an organization for the advancement of the cause of Christ? Would not the results have been as great, had each one continued to work individually as the Spirit directed or reason dictated? Is there any great power in associated effort? Let us turn to our Bibles; there we learn that one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. When we were children we learned in our multiplication table that two times one are two; but the Bible multiplication puts it, two times one are ten,—meaning that two persons working with the same purpose in view can accomplish ten times as much as either alone. When two wires are placed side by side the strength is doubled, and not increased tenfold. But when the human will comes into play how different. Did you ever watch men when heaving a log or raising some great burden? Individual, spasmodic efforts made no impression; but when the words “All together; ready!” were passed along the line, and all worked in unison, the log was moved or the burden lifted. Each man was stimulated by the effort of his neighbor, and enabled to accomplish more. So it is in every organization; the encouragement and stimulus make it possible not only to accomplish much more work than the members separately could do, but also to undertake work and overcome obstacles which could not otherwise be done.

In a field was a large collection of draining tiles. They were neatly arranged, built up in layers one above the other; but the field was a swamp in spite of the heap of tiles, for the tiles were made to go end to end, and not side by side. If they were laid underground, each by itself in a different part of the field, the marsh would still remain, for individual tiles cannot drain a field. Let the workman dig a continuous trench with the proper fall and outlet, then carefully place these tiles end to end along the trench, and the marshy field is turned into a blooming garden.

On yonder plain an army is forming to attack the enemy upon the heights. Regiment after regiment is marching forward into position, re-enforcements coming in on every hand. Forward they come in solid phalanx, obeying the word of command. They turn neither to the right nor to the left, but in unison charge upon the enemy. By their confidence in their leaders, by their obedience, by their courage, and by their united effort, victory is theirs.

What would have been the result if in the middle of that plain some had turned aside to chase a few of the enemy's forces upon the right or upon the left, and others had run to the rear, where the fighting would not be so hard; or if the whole right wing of the army had halted, questioning the wisdom of their general in ordering an advance at that particular time or in that special direction, thinking that they saw a better opportunity for attack over on the left, or that it would be better to withdraw the forces and wait till the position of the enemy was changed,—what, I say, would have been the result? Most assuredly, defeat. Can we not see in this illustration a picture of our own Woman's Board,—our general and her assistants at their post, studying the field, with its needs and calls, that they may give wise and intelligent direction to the forces; our army receiving re-enforcements on every hand? But are we ready, with united effort and

concentration of forces, to advance at the word of command, or are some lagging upon this side and upon that, questioning the wisdom of the plan of work or advancement in any line?

Let us send the cry along the line, "Stay in your place and strengthen the center!" As single individuals, or even as Branches, we can give but little of our time and strength to this work. There are those at the center who are giving all their time and strength, and bearing heavy burdens. Shall we not hold up the hands of these faithful women who bear upon their hearts the needs of the work, and plan for its welfare? No leaders, however strong, can lead to victory without the continued support of the soldiers in every regiment of the army. Let us strive to gain a better understanding of the general work of our Board, a clearer knowledge of our fields of work, by a more careful reading of all news from the field, encouraging financial support and support of LIFE AND LIGHT, and giving hearty co-operation to all lines of work mapped out by the Board of Managers. Inspire the workers by words of commendation, and pray that they may be guided by Infinite Wisdom. Our Board is a great circle,—Branch joined hand with Branch, and Auxiliary with Auxiliary, and in the center planting the cross of Christ. Our one aim is that this circle shall belt the globe, and the redeemed of every land join hands.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10, 1896.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Miss Mary I. Beattie, of Rockford, Treas. Aurora, First Ch., 6.50; Brighton, Mrs. Clara T. Stewart, 1; Chicago, Miss Helen L. Lowell, 5; First Ch., 111 95, Leavitt St. Ch., 41.36, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. Converse, 10, Summerdale, of wh. 11 is Thank Off., 15; Decatur, First Ch., 5; Elgin, First Ch., Miss. Dept. Woman's Guild, 10; Evanston, 150; Galesburg, Central Ch., 35.90; Geneseo, W. M. U., 21.20; Glencoe, 24.50; Hinsdale, 50; Kewanee, 24; La Grange, M. U., 20; Lockport, 17.28; Normal, W. M. U., 5.50; Rockford, Second Ch., 5; Thawville, 7.50; Waverly, 9; Wheaton, First Ch., 6.50; Wilmette, Miss E. Knox, 5,	597 19
JUNIOR: Alton, Ch. of the Redeemer, 5.40; Chicago, Ch. of the Redeemer, 18; Galesburg, Central Ch., Philergians, 5; Jacksonville, 10,	38 40
C. E.: Aurora, New England Ch., 20; Chicago, Brainerd, 5; Forrestville, 5; Tabernacle Ch., 8.91; Peoria, Howe C. E. S., 20,	58 91
THE KING'S DAUGHTERS: La Grange, 7.75; Rogers Park, Covenant Circle, 5,	12 75
JUVENILE: Chesterfield, Helping Hands, 1.64; Geneseo, The King's Children, 50 cts.,	2 14
JUNIOR C. E.: Chicago, Waveland Ave. Ch.,	1 35

SPECIAL: Cot Bed Fund, Miss Julia Bissell's work; Rockford, Second Ch., Friends, 22; S. S. Class No. 22, 1,
 23 00 || Total, | 733 74 |

INDIANA.

BRANCH.—Miss M. E. Perry, 51 Broadway, Indianapolis, Treas. Hobart, 10; South Vigo, 5,
 15 00 |

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas. Algona, 4.10; Atlantic, 8.25; Big Rock, 2.70; Charles City, 15; Cromwell, 5; Davenport, Edwards Ch., 6; Denmark, 14; Earlville, 5; Fairfield, 1.90; Grinnell, 23.05; Independence, 15.20; Iowa City, 11.28; Magnolia, 3.25; Mrs. M. J. Hillis, to const. L. M. Miss Gertrude L. Carter, 25; Mitchellville, 3.55; Montour, 1; Postville, 10; Shenandoah, 14.73; Stuart, 10,	179 01
JUNIOR C. E.: Webster City, Jun. C. E. and M. B.,	3 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Belmond, 3; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 19.59,	22 59
Total,	204 60

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. T. S. Mason, of Topeka, Treas. Burlington, 7.65; Clay Centre, 2.50; Kansas City, Pilgrim Ch., 3; Sabetha, 10; Smith Centre, 2; Topeka, First Ch., 2.25,
 27 40 |

C. E.: Alton, 1.40; Hutchinson, 1; Olathe, 5; Osawatomie, 2; Sabetha, 5.50,	14 90
	42 30
Less expenses,	2 95
Total,	39 35

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas. Ann Arbor, 44.95; Armada, 10; Covert, 10; Chelsea, 35; Benton Harbor, 5.75; Flint, 14.75; Grand Rapids, First Ch., 110; Grass Lake, 2; Greenville, 4.25; Kalamazoo, 5; Olivet, 35.94; Manistee, 11; Pontiac, 3; Rochester, 5; Romeo, 20; South Lake Linden, 5; Michigan, The Lord's Funds, 125; A Friend, Special, 150,	596 64
JUNIOR: Detroit, First Ch., Y. W. U., 25; Olivet, Y. W. C. A., 45 cts.; Traverse City, Bridge Builders, 22,	47 45
C. E.: Owosso, 5; Traverse City, 3.41; Webster, 5,	13 41
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Webster, Miss. Soc.,	1 63
Total,	659 13

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 East University Ave., St. Paul, Treas. Excelsior, 5; Minneapolis, Plymouth Ch., Friend, 15; Northfield, 53 85; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., 17.20, Atlantic Ch., Two Cent Band, 5; Wabasha, Mrs. Elizabeth Lincoln, 50,	146 65
C. E.: Graceville, 1; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., 5,	6 00
JUVENILE: Graceville,	1 25
JUNIOR C. E.: Graceville, 2; Princeton, 3,	5 00
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Graceville, Birthday Box,	1 60
	159 90
Less expenses,	5 00
Total,	154 90

MONTANA.

UNION: Mrs. H. E. Jones, of Livingston, Treas.	
JUNIOR C. E.: Livingston,	5 00

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Akron, Arlington St. Ch., 5; Andover, 12; Austintown, 15; Cincinnati, Walnut Hills Ch., 18; Hudson, 4; Marietta, M. B. D., from sale of Bible flowers, 6; Mt. Vernon, 25; Painesville, 37.16; Tallmadge, 10; Toledo, East, Second Ch., 5, Washington St. Ch., 9; Zanesville, 5,	151 16
JUNIOR: Oberlin, Y. W. C. A.,	11 48
C. E.: Cleveland, Grace Ch., 5; Elyria, Lake Ave. Ch., 10; Garrettsville, 8; Lindenville, 15; Steubenville, 1,	39 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Cleveland, Pilgrim Ch., 15; Inter. and Jr. E., Madison Ave. Ch., 10,	25 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Primary Dep't, 11.73; Oberlin, First Ch., 10,	21 73
Total,	248 37

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. R. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. From Dakota, A Friend, 50; Wakonda, 5; Yaukton, 8,	63 00
JUVENILE: Yaukton, Willing Hearts,	15 00
Total,	78 00

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of White-water, Treas. Brandon, 5; Baraboo, 6; Burlington, 20; Fond du Lac, 25; Green Bay, 25; Kinnickinnic, 5.40; Leeds, 5; Milwaukee, North Side Ch., 3; Menomonie, 14.83; Ripon, 22.55; Sparta, 12; Wauwatosa, 18; Whitewater, 20,	196 78
JUNIOR: Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., 16.25; Sparta, 9.55; Wauwatosa, 15.75,	41 55
C. E.: Menomonie, 10; Oshkosh, First Ch., 4,	14 00
JUVENILE: Wauwatosa, 6; Waukesha, Forget-me-nots, 3,	9 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Endeavor, 6.12; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., M. B. and Jun. C. E., 20.83; Viroqua, 5; Whitewater, 4,	35 95
	297 28
Less expenses,	16 62
Total,	280 66

LIFE MEMBER: Fond du Lac, Mrs. Rebecca Rook.

WISCONSIN: From the estate of Mrs. C. L. A. Tank, of Fort Howard, through Mr. James W. Porter, Trustee, 15,000 00

JAPAN.

Kobe.—Girls' College Society, 10 84

NORTH CAROLINA.

King's Mountain.—Lincoln Academy, 30 00

TURKEY.

Marash.—Lighters of Darkness, 3.66; Mardin, Miss Johanna Graf, 8.80, 12 66

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Friend, 500; sale of leaflets, 10.17; boxes, 3.10; books, etc., 45 cts., 513 72

Receipts for month,	17,985 97
Previously acknowledged, 33,489.47, less 484.46 for Armenian Relief,	33,005 01
Total since Oct. 24, 1895,	\$50,990 98

ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.

Illinois.—Chicago, Covenant Ch., C. E., 7, Pruitan Ch., C. E., 4; Illinois, A Friend, 15; Wilmette, Miss E. Knox, 5,	31 00
Iowa.—Ogden, S. S., Special, 3.30; Independence, W. S. Potwin, 10; Magnolia, 11,	24 30
Ohio.—Steubenville, Friend of Missions,	5 00
Wisconsin.—Green Bay, First Pres. Ch.,	34 50
Miscellaneous.—Box at Missionary Rooms,	3 00
Total for month,	97 80
Previously acknowledged (see above)	484 46
Total,	\$582 26

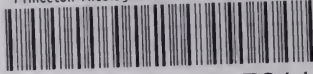
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Ass't Treas.

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